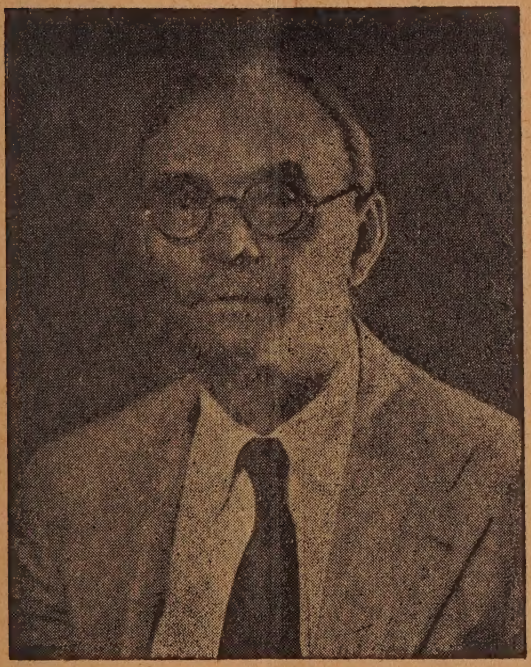
Archives

Congo News Letter.

LIBRARY



SEYMOUR E. MOON

FEBRUARY 1941

TABLE OF CONTENTS

MOON MEMORIAL NUMBER

Dr. Seymour E. Moon, An Appreciation . . Catharine L. Mabie
Tata and Mama Moon . . . . . John E. Geil
In Memoriam. Seymour E. Moon . . . . . W.D. Reynolds
Memories of Tata Moon . . . . . Timotio Vingadio
Seymour E. Moon. (from the annual report) by P.A. MacDiarmid
My Congo "Dad" . . . . . Glen W. Tuttle
Tata Moon — Reminiscences . . . . . Jesse Fuka

Luvuvamu . . . . . Ruth Erickson
Refugees . . . . . Viola L. Smith
Batwa . . . . . H. D. Brown

STATION NEWS
Tondo . . . . . H.D. Brown
Léopoldville . . . . . Isabel Carpenter
Sona Bata . . . . . Vendla Anderson
Kimpese . . . . . Adelle B. Lanoue

Published Quarterly by the
Missionaries of the A.B.F.M.S.

Edited at Kimpese. Published at Léopoldville.
Subscription price 25 cents per year.
Subscriptions may be sent to Treasurer A.B.F.M.S.,
152 Madison Avenue, New York.
Subscription price in Congo 9 francs.
Address correspondence to Editor C.N.L.,
E.P.I., Kimpese.
Congo Belge.

Congo News Letter.

Vol. XXXII FEBRUARY 1941 No. 1

DR. SEYMOUR E. MOON — AN APPRECIATION

CATHARINE L. MABIE

I first met Mr. Moon during my first furlough in Boston in 1902 when he was a student at Newton Theological Seminary and was considering his life work. He was then strongly drawn toward Congo service. Not long thereafter we at Banza Manteke welcomed Mr. Moon and his bride to our fellowship and work. Many years thereafter the Moons and I worked together in unbroken fellowship and mutual esteem both at Banza Manteke and here at Kimpese. As the years passed we became very intimate and understanding friends. I brought two of their children into the world and was their family doctor and nurse through several serious illnesses. We shared one another's joys and sorrows, disappointments and satisfactions in the common service to which we had been called. We also had much in common intellectually, spritually and emotionally. Through long years of unusual intimacy we continued to think well of one another and were good pals.

Mr. Moon's appointment to Congo service was with a view to his majoring in pastoral training. He began his work in the Banza Manteke training school for teacher-preachers. We taught together there. It was during Mr. Moon's first term that a group of men from Sona Bata walked down to Banza Manteke and had some months schooling in that school. One or two of those men are still using their feet to good advantage itinerating in the Sona Bata field as they shepherd the flock of Christ. But most of the men found the long walk too much and did not return for a second year's work. So ended the first attempt to

have men of our Bas Congo stations trained together. However during those years a union project of a broader sort was simmering. Mr. Harvey was an indefatigable advocate of a union training school in which the S.M.F.,B.M.S. and A.B.M.U. as our mission was then called, should cooperate in preacher training. By the time Mr. Moon returned from his first furlough the B.M.S. and our mission had agreed to cooperate in such a venture. The S.M.F. had also all but agreed, but not quite. I understand that their Field Committee did agree but opposition on the part of their Home Committee prevented their cooperation at that time. Mr. Moon and some of the rest of us were greatly disappointed at that turn in events but have more recently rejoiced to have our Swedish Mission friends join with us here in a common effort to supply the church of the Bas Congo with better prepared pastors and school teachers.

Our mission unanimously chose Mr. Moon as our representative on the teaching staff of the new school and in the summer of 1908 together with the B.M.S representative, the Rev. Thomas Lewis, he began breaking ground here at Kimpese and building a new station. Two residences for missionary families and two small corrugated iron buildings, grass thatched, which for many years were the only ones in use for worship and school purposes, were ready for occupation and classes began in January 1909. From such small beginnings our present plant has slowly evolved.

To such of us as knew Mr. Moon's versatility almost everything about the institution and plant reminds us how much of himself Mr. Moon built into the school and plant. He was not only a good administrator and teacher but was equally keen that manual labor should have an honorable and effective place in the development of all-round, well prepared Congolese servants of the Christian Church. Student labor was used in building student family homes which meant simple training in brick making, carpentry and brick laying. Agriculture was of still greater importance in the preparation of these servants of the church, not only as a means of providing them with "daily bread" while in

residence but as a vital link in keeping them in intimate touch with the life of the people to whom they were to minister in agricultural communities. The growth and development of the Kimpese institution during its first twenty years, wherein good and enduring foundations were laid for its future advance in usefulness, are a worthy memorial to the faithful service of Mr. and Mrs. Moon in Congo.

The Moons' last few years were spent out in the various districts of our mission which feed the institution, in an attempt to assist, encourage, and inspire the men and women who had gone out from their class rooms to their difficult and often discouraging tasks in village churches and schools. They travelled far and wide, over bad roads and no roads, through tropical rain and heat, in their "gypsy car" leading a veritable gypsy existence for some years, after having reached an age when ease and comfort strongly appeal to most of us much more than during our younger days. It was a particularly hard life for Mrs Moon, never too robust, but she never complained and always everywhere did her best to help the village school teachers to have better schools. She made them charts and reading materials as she travelled, helped them to make for themselves various supplies and furnishings for the dingy little school rooms,did everything within her power to improve village life. Thus the Moons trudged cheerfully, bravely along the long, long trail in a disinterested service of love for their Congo friends until the eventide. How glad we all are that they had a brief period in California surrounded by their children and grandchildren, a brief happy sunlit interlude before the call came to Mr. Moon to higher service. Our sincerest sympathy goes out to "Sarah" in her loneliness and period of waiting for a glad reunion with "Seymour". Who of us familiar with the Moons but can still hear them calling to one another by the old familiar names, "Sarah", "Yes, Seymour, I am coming." We are glad too that Mrs. Moon has the comfort of her children these hard days and the gladness which grandchildren give her. Facing death Mr. Moon left the following desire for a simple internment

on a shady hillside where golden California poppies glow.

Bury me simply, pray,
What you handle is only clay.
Wood, good wood, I'm used to,
So a box well planed will do
Quite well. Trimmings that camouflage
And tinsel just for show will irk me sore,
But if you would place silver or gold
I'd want it off and coined or sold
To feed or clothe some other than this clod
For I'll not need it in the warm clay
From which I came and to which I go.

Bury me gently, pray,
For the body you touch today
Has been good to me these many years;
Few were the aches and pains, and scars
But few remain to show where cuts or bruises
Else might have maimed or lamed this body
Which has served me always uncomplainingly.

Bury me reverently, pray,
For the body you lay away
Was a Temple wherein He dwelt
Who has guided me where'er I went
At His bidding on land or sea.
A Temple no longer needed, true,
But there are those whose memory
Will linger near its earthly pilgrimage.

Bury me simply, gently, reverently
On a hillside where flowers bloom
And trees give shade near stones God made;
Not in mausoleum or under stones man polished
To mark with envious show what else were
But an empty tomb. And spare the flowers
Unplucked to fulfill their glorious day
And be companion where'er I lay.

Seymour E. Moon

TATA AND MAMA MOON

When I stop to think of Tata and Mama Moon a flood of precious memories comes sweeping over me. They were one and inseparable and always will be. For years they labored together in Congo courageously and successfully and have mutually surpassed each other. It is not necessary that I should seek to extol their noble traits of character and great achievements. Their lives were open books to all who knew them and their works which were many, good, and great do follow them. Although Tata is now absent from the body yet they both live and work and speak in Congo and will continue to do so until the end of time.

Tata and Mama Moon gave themselves very largely, but by no means entirely, to the work of the Congo Evangelical Training Institution at Kimpese. During this time I was one of the "Bloomin' Trustees" who made annual pilgrimages to Kimpese, presumably to safeguard the interests and work of the school and to bring up the Principal and Faculty in the way in which they should go. For the most part these were happy occasions and the Christian fellowship and gracious hospitality of Tata and Mama Moon and their colleagues will not soon be forgotten. On one occasion a cloud loomed up on the horizon which gave the Trustees some anxious moments. Tata and Mama Moon had recently returned from furlough. Following some special University work which Tata had done during furlough he was doing some work on his own with intelligence tests in preparation for a thesis and degree. Early in the meeting Tata expressed the hope that there might be time left from business in which he might give an intelligence test to the members of the Board of Trustees, We escaped by making the business last up to the time of departure and thus a calamity was averted.

Tata Moon was broadminded, forward-looking and agressive. The Trustees tried to keep up with him in his plans and proposals but sometimes we were unable to go with him all the way. At such times Tata was patient, sympathetic

and hopeful, and kept smiling. As time went on the principalship became irksome to him and sometimes during the Trustees' meetings when the duties and responsibilities of his office weighed heavily upon him he would seek solace in listening to a Negro spiritual record entitled: "By And By I'm Going To Lay Down My Heavy Load." When he did lay down the principalship of the school and the heavy load pertaining there-to he immediately took up another, which if it was not heavy or heavier, it certainly was not light. This consisted in going about in a camionette with Mama Moon from place to place holding meetings and giving special help to needy teachers and church workers. When released from active service in Congo they looked forward to a quiet restful life in a home of their own with children and grandchildren and friends about them to cheer and bless them in their declining years. Before they could settle down they heard the cry and call of a needy unshepherded flock and they responded to the call taking up what must have been a load and carrying it until Tata was not, for God took him and exchanged his load for a crown.

It is a great joy to me to remember that in the last meeting of the Trustees and Faculty which Tata and Mama Moon attended before laying down the work of the school, I took advantage of an opportunity to say a few words of appreciation which I believe they appreciated and accepted as a sincere expression of the group which I represented. Tata and Mama Moon have builded their lives into the work of the Kimpese Training School and into the life and work of the students and stations which they served. Regardless of what the future may bring to the school in the way of changes, enlargements, and improvements, the part which Tata and Mama Moon have had in the founding and establishing of the school will remain as a worthy and enduring monument to their name and fame. In a memorial service which was held on the Banza Manteke station the most beautiful tributes were paid by the Natives to the life and work of Tata and Mama Moon and the Natives who would rise up and call them blessed are a host.

It was not only the work of the Kimpese school which Tata and Mama Moon served but the work of our entire Mission and the work of all Protestant Missions in Congo. They were greatly interested and took an active part in the work of the C.P.C. attending the meetings and serving on important committees. For several years Tata was chairman of the Educational Committee of the Congo General Conference. If measured by the height of their ideals, the depth of their convictions, the breadth of their sympathies and interests, and the quality of their work, they must indeed be called great. Who follows in their train?

John E. Geil

IN MEMORIAM SEYMOUR E. MOON

Dr. Seymour Moon has not lived long after leaving the land he loved and the service to which he gave his life. Others can tell of his early years at Banza Manteka and of the final term of service when he and Mrs. Moon went forth for the sake of the Name, touring wide areas of this Colony, seeking the lost, and stimulating their fellow Christians, missionaries, pastors, teachers and village church members. The writer can tell something of the long period of the middle years when Dr. Moon did his greatest work and left his mark on an Institution destined in the goodness of God to do service for the church of Christ in Congo through generations of Students yet unborn.

Mr. Lewis of the B.M.S. and Mr. Moon came to Kimpese in 1908 to inaugurate and build up the United Kongo Evangilical Training Institute now know as Ecole de Pasteur et d'Instituteur. The partnership so auspiciously begun was of very brief duration. In 3 short years Mr. Lewis' health failed and he was compelled to return to the more bracing altitudes of Angola. Mr. Moon then succeeded to the Principalship, an office held with distinction until March 1931. In 1903 Kimpese was unclaimed bush, a large part of the site being poor savannah land, squat scrub trees and long grass. When Mr Moon withdrew from the services of E.P.I. he left behind him one of the largest and best equipped Mission Stations

in Congo, already widely known in Missionary circles far beyond the borders of the Colony. Kimpese needs no monument to commemorate the name of Seymour Moon. The whole mission of E.P.I. is his memorial. His vision planned the Institution on broad lines; his enthusiasm promoted its development; through many important years his wisdom directed its manifold service. His name will always be associated with Kimpese: whilst E.P.I. lasts his name will live.

Dr Moon believed with all his heart and soul in Education. He taught in the States before he set foot in Congo. He came to Congo to teach and spent the greater part of his life in that service. Born in a log cabin home of pioneers in Minnesota he had seen at first hand the difficulties that beset some settlers in getting an education for their young people. The experience entered the fibre of his being and fired his soul to create opportunities for learning for all who came within his reach. Not content with the serious program of classes for the Students of the Institution, he left his colleagues breathless in the rear whilst his venturous spirit was on ahead planning classes at midday and in the evening for workfolk, for villagers, for young and old, for all who wanted to learn and were willing to be taught. The inevitable increase of work in Students' classes has led in recent years to concentration on this essential task and some of the ambitions of Mr. Moon for the wider service have not been realised, but his passion for increasing opportunities for all is not forgotten. Throughout his Kimpese days he was always thinking on ahead, planning new ventures to meet future needs. He could not rest content with any achievement whilst better and bigger things were stirring in his mind. With Mr. Moon it was ever, "On to the bounds of the waste; On to the City of God."

In 1552 Francis Xavier lay dying on an island off the coast of China. His heroic labours in many European lands, in India, Ceylon and Japan lay behind him, his work was done. From time to time he spoke — no longer in the familiar Latin but in the language of his old Basque home.

Comrades at his bedside bent over him to catch the last faint whispers; at length they caught the words, "Farther on, yet farther on" and then he was gone. In those last moments his spirit reached back to his boyhood days in Basque, but the yearning to enter new fields of service was with him to the end. That same dauntless spirit lived again in Mr Moon: in this at least Francis Xavier and Seymour Moon were at one. Both have now entered the realms of fuller understanding and purer service and none can doubt that together they praise and serve the Saviour they loved and to whom they gave their lives.

No review of the life of our friend at E.P.I. can omit to record his zeal for manual work. He was a true son of the Middle West. All honest work was dignified for him and without it no man or woman could achieve a life of quality. Mr. Moon loved his books but knowing the priceless value to the human spirit of manual toil and the value of personal example to the students at E.P.I. he would lay aside his books, don the overalls, and himself spend long hours working on construction, or in the fields, or improving the conditions of life for the whole community. E. P. I. will not forsake the lead Mr. Moon gave through many years. Manual work will always hold an honourable place in the curriculum of all courses of training and a student unwilling to brace himself up to enter heartily into such work will find his welcome grow cold and his stay at Kimpese cut short.

But as the name indicates, E.P.I. is an institution for the training of preachers and in this aspect of its work it owes not a little to Mr. Moon as a preacher. It was the writer's privilege sometimes to accompany Mr. Moon on visits to villages in the Kimpese area where he loved to tell of the Saviour and to call the people to follow Him. There and in the larger services in the church at the mission station there were ample opportunities of appreciating Mr. Moon's undoubted gifts for preaching. Students in the Seminaries of Britain were taught to "Begin low, speak slow, Climb higher, catch fire; Get warm, sit down in a storm." and although Mr. Moon may not have

been instructed along such lines that was not infrequently his method of preaching and in it he was often very effective. Preaching, though rightly a burden, was also his great and joyous privilege. The increasing use of the Railway by the students in their journeys to and from Kimpese gave Mr. Moon little pleasure. He counted it lost opportunity. In season and out of season he was an advocate of their making these journeys on foot, preaching in the villages through which they would pass. Time and again he maintained that if we fail in the practice of preaching our failure is complete. He knew the Evangelecal Church must preach the Gospel or perish and he ever sought to inspire both colleagues and students with his own devotion to this task. It is good to know that his last months were gladdened by a call to the Pastorate of a Church in California; it must have brightened his closing days to be still in the service he loved so much and did so well. He was granted length of days and died in the fulness of years leaving behind him the fragrant memory of a well spent life. He served his generation according to the will of God and fell on sleep coming to his end like a shock of corn cometh in his season.

"Nothing is here for tears, nothing to wail
or knock the breast; no weakness, no contempt,
Dispraise or blame; nothing but well and fair."

W.D. Reynolds

MEMORIES OF TATA MOON

During my last year in the Banza Manteke training school for village teachers in 1903 Nguankazi Richards told us that a teacher was being sent out from America especially to teach teachers in Congo, and that he was already on his way here. It was not long until he arrived at Banza Manteke. He was very desirous to begin teaching us immediately but he could not do so as he could not speak our language. But he was full of zeal to learn to speak it and before very long began teaching in the schools. The next three years while I was teaching at Matadi Mantoyo he was teaching

in the Banza Manteke training schools. He was a very good teacher; he thought the students ought do work with their hands as well as with their heads and they did not like that.

In 1908 Tata Moon came here to Kimpese to build a new station, for the A.B.F.M.S., and B.M.S. missionaries had agreed to start a new training school here. He was chosen as the A.B.F.M.S. teacher in this school. A B.M.S. teacher, Mr. Lewis, worked with him here to build the station. My work at that time was in this district. Whenever I came here, Tata Moon used to ask me about my work and showed me much kindness. He would ask about the work of God throughout this whole district so I knew he loved God's work and wanted to see it increase greatly everywhere. I knew also that he was kindly and interested in us village teachers.

In 1917 I myself entered K.E.T.I as it was then called. I soon learned that he taught the Bible very well but the part he taught with most vigor was Paul's life and journeys. When Tata Moon took us on a journey of Paul's it was just as though he himself had been with Paul and had taken us with him. When he told us how Paul had told Timothy to bring his cloak which he had left at Troas, it was as though he had said to me, "Timotio bring that cloak with the manuscripts and come quickly." In our class we used to say that Tata Moon carried that cloak as he walked about the country with Paul. He wanted us all to know Paul and his enthusiasm for spreading the Gospel.

Tata Moon wanted very much to teach us all the handwork he knew. When he began to teach a man he kept at it until that man could do the work well. He said whatever we did we should do well. He was just as keen on our manual work. He used to say whoever has skill with his hands and knows how to work with them will not be poor. He told us how Paul worked with his hands, tent making, so he could buy food as he went about preaching. He was not paid to go about teaching but fed and clothed himself.

Tata Moon was not a teacher of teachers only but

was very much interested in boys. I remember a small neglected boy all covered with sores, his feet full of chiggers, his mouth putrid with ulcers, whom he and Nengwa Moon took and cared for until he recovered and later came to Kimpese to become a teacher. Their boys would not sleep in the same house with this boy. He ran away several times because the doctor hurt him in dressing his sores. We always went and hunted for him and brought him back again. When his own mother and people would not care for him Tata and Nengwa Moon took him in and cared for him.

At the end of his Congo life Tata and Nengwa Moon left Kimpese and like Paul travelled about from place to place seeing what work the Kimpese men who had left the school were doing for God. He encouraged the Christians wherever he went and taught them. Nengwa worked hard everywhere trying to help the village teachers to have better schools. They endured many difficulties those last few years travelling long distances. They endured rain and heat, stony trails, bad roads and no roads. Tata Moon wanted to finish his work in this land out among the villagers helping them as best he could.

When we last saw him here at Kimpese, on his way to America, he said "I shall not return again to Congo but you and I are are on the way to Heaven. Whoever gets there first will be awaiting the other to give him a hearty greeting.' Tata went first. God has welcomed him there. Tata Moon will be there to greet us upon our arrival. It remains for us to be strong in the Lord and follow Him like Tata Moon

Timotio Vingadio

SEYMOUR E. MOON

In the death of Seymour E. Moon in September Congo lost a pioneer educationalist who deserves more than passing mention. Many would point to our Training School at Kimpese as his chief memorial. This finely equipped school probably owes more to Mr. Moon than to anyone else, for it was he who, with faith and hard work, brought it through the trying days when, in buildings c

grass and sheet iron, it had to win the confidence of American and British Baptists. There were a number amongst both American and British Baptist missionaries who prophesied that the institution would not survive, but Mr. Moon clung doggedly to his vision of its becoming central in the life of both missions and his faith was finally rewarded. Its effectiveness in training responsible leaders for the Christian Church became so evident that the Swedish Mission decided to join with the two mentioned, and now the place of the School for the future seems assured. The fine brick church and the Bain Memorial class-rooms are to a large degree the fruit of Mr. Moon's vision and efforts.

But the memorial he wished to leave, and which he did leave, is to be found in the lives of those who came under his teaching and influence. Many of our foremost Christian leaders, if asked what missionary had influenced them most to give their lives in building Christian into the warp and woof of the Church of Christ in Congo would respond: "It was Tata Moon."

P.A.MacDiarmid (from the secretary's annual report).

MY CONGO "DAD"

The relationship of Congo "dad" and "son" began in a little country church in southern Minnesota during the summer of 1918 soon after my graduation from high school. At an evening missionary meeting Tata (Congo for father) Moon gave a very inspiring and gripping address in which he told of how Christ was lifting the Congo Native out of his sin and degradation into fellowship with his Heavenly Father. At its close he thrust out a challenge to the young people present asking those who would dedicate their lives to missionary service to raise their hands. Being more or less of a stranger in a church of another denomination (I was then a Congregationalist) my place was naturally on the back seat. Inwardly something gripped my heart strings and there was an impulse to raise my hand but a natural reserve to any public expression of emotion held me back. Nevertheless, the challenge had hit home and I left the meeting

with a half-formed resolve to devote my life to the carrying of the Gospel to the sin-burdened people of other lands.

It wasn't until the following spring while at the University that the challenge was recognized as having come from God himself after which there was no peace of heart until an affirmative answer had been given. Tata Moon was then the medium through which a Heavenly Father had delivered His commission to one of His children.

Naturally, though the needs of other countries were a burden on my heart, my greatest interest in the Belgian Congo had been everlastingly stirred up by Tata Moon. So strong was the pull toward Congo that when, toward the close of my training, calls came successively from three other fields I couldn't help but feel they were not meant for me. Not wanting to dictate to God where I would and would not go, a promise was given each time to accept the call if someone else was not found in six months time, with an unexpressed hope that somehow someone else would appear to meet each succeeding appeal. When a call finally came from Congo itself, I immediately accepted the long awaited opportunity to serve on the same field with my missionary "dad".

Fortunately Mama Moon was at home in Minneapolis at the time of my preparation, to give me invaluable advice as to what to include in my outfit. She was among the last to bid me farewell and Tata Moon was among the first to welcome me six weeks later as a Congo "son". What a joy and inspiration it was to see him at his task as Principal of the Evangelical Training Institute which he had so ably helped to found and build up. As a true "father" he took me under his wing and instructed me how I was to begin my missionary career. Tata Moon was a visionary with high ideals for the Christian life in the Congo Native, and yet he always understood one's immediate problems and gave much practical and worthwhile advice. He was constantly in touch with the Natives themselves and foresaw what they needed most to comprehend Christ and His wonderful salvation, also His demands on their lives

as His servants.

We have Tata Moon to thank as one of the principal boosters of our Medical Training School at Sona Bata. He had a clear vision of what a carefully trained native medical force might do in helping the native clergy to bring the message of salvation to the lost and dying and to build up the native church throughout our Congo Mission.

Tata Moon was a real Congo "dad" to me and I shall always cherish that memory of him even though he has gone on to dwell with his Heavenly Tata.

G. W. Tuttle

TATA MOON

(Reminiscences of his personal boy)

In June 1934 we had come from Leopoldville, slept at Sona Bata, then at the B.M.S. station of Wathen. In the early morning we drove and walked to Songa, where we met Miss Bonar. There was little joy in the worship services there, for the men had been deported to upper Congo for participating in the Prophet Movement. However, we examined the school boys, and accepted some of them for the station school, Meanwhile the men, who were to carry Mama Moon, all ran away into the woods. We begged the village men to carry the hammock, but they refused point-blank, so Mama Moon walked all day long.

At the village of Kinzimbu there was great joy, for large crowds came to the meetings. Miss Bonar, Mrs. Austin (B.M.S.), Dr. Mabie, Mr. and Mrs. Moon, all of them preached. At Lukunga, farther along, we were joined by Mr. and Mrs. Engwall and their four girls from Kimpese. We stayed there for three weeks holding an institute for school teachers and Bible teaching classes for everybody that wanted it. At Palabala, alas, even at Palabala, we were made miserable because only a few teachers came to the meetings, and as for the local chief he hid himself and refused to see us at all. When the meetings were over, the men refused to carry our boxes, so that some of the Moons' things remained at Palabala for a whole month.

And so we returned to Leo.

We prepared next to go to Vanga. Five days by boat to Banningville, then by truck and trailer through strange country, among people whose language we could understand only with the greatest difficulty but who received us with joy and with courtesy, giving us cold water and wood, as much as we needed. Some distance farther, among another tribe of people, we got stuck in the mud and were unable to move the truck either backward or forward. Tata Moon said: "Go find some men to carry the boxes." I went with fear and trembling, for the people were cannibals. By and by I came to a small village hidden in the woods. When the people saw me riding a bicycle, the men bolted and fled into the forest, leaving the women alone in the village. When they ran away I decided the men did not want to eat me, so I made a bold face and asked the women to come to the help of the white man. They were much afraid, but they came. When they saw Mr. and Mrs. Moon they picked up their boxes and carried them with joy, singing hymns as they went along the path. And so to Vanga.

Vanga is a beautiful station, with a fine church building, a school, and a hospital. After a short visit there we went on to the village of Luhemba. Great crowds came to the service of worship. The teachers were greatly encouraged by the institute where Mr. and Mrs. Moon showed them new methods and new materials for teaching. The school pupils were enraptured. The next village we visited was Mbanza, home of pastor Ngumina; a lovely village, all whitewashed and cleaned for the Moons, like a white man's station. Unfortunately, however, the teachers were devoured with strife and jealousies, and refused to be taught. Mr. Moon asked why. "Oh we heard that you were coming to make us all sign contracts with our fingerprints, that we could never leave off teaching, but that we had to keep on teaching and teaching school forever." Mr. Moon asked, Who told you that? Nobody knew; but they said they had been told that the "Director of the A.B.F.M.S." was

coming to the Vanga field, and Kikongo and Moanza; so we know you have come for that purpose. The pastor quickly disabused them: Tata Moon has not come to make you sign contracts, but to show you how to teach the children. But the teachers would not listen at all. Just then it started to rain, the wind blowing a tremendous gale, so we retired to the house. We had not left the church two minutes when lightning struck and burned the roof off it and everything but the brick walls, so that it was only by a stroke of good fortune that we were not ourselves burned inside the church. After that, the teachers began to wonder about the righteousness of their contention, and in a few days they consented to be taught.

From that village we turned towards Vanga again. On the road we were caught for six hours in a driving rain, afoot, with nothing to eat. Finally we stopped at a friendly village where we found more than two hundred children. These listened to the victrola, then to some lessons in writing and in singing hymns— a task which our tired bodies performed most unwillingly; but love beareth all things.

When we went to Mulili next day the children followed all the way, singing hymns and waving palms in their hands. The pastor at Mulili received us kindly, and had the white man's house perfectly cleaned and laid with mats for Tata and Mama Moon. But here again the teachers refused to be taught. The pastor bore testimony to their good work, but all the same the teachers got up from the meeting in a body and walked out muttering angrily something about beating up the white man for disturbing their peace. Then Tata Moon went to the villages round about with Mama Moon, and taught the children.

We wanted to hold a service when we reached the village of Mayoko, but the people did not want us at all. In fact they had nailed down the church doors so we couldn't even get in. The people were in a very hostile mood. They yelled and cursed us violently in their language, pushing and jostling our carriers all the while, and

clenching their fists in Tata Moon's face. Finally Tata Moon said: "Let us pray." Tata and Mama Moon closed ther eyes to pray, while the crowd milled around whith their eyes wide open; I kept my eyes open too, beacuse if anyone should make a move towards Tata Moon I wanted to see him and get there first. As soon as he said. "Amen," the people ordered us out of the village quick, giving us ample physical assistance along with their loud cursings and threats. It seems that some time before our arrival the villagers had killed a man accused of witchcraft, that the Vanga doctor had reported the matter to the State, and that the Administrator had put their Chief in block; so they didn't like Tata Moon, or the Vanga doctor, or any other white man, even a little bit.

After returning to Vanga we went to spend some months in the Moanza field. On the way there our truck broke down near a Catholic Station where we had to buy water, and where everybody begged for our food. After a tiresome journey we found Moanza a delightful place to stay. For one thing we did not travel about so much as we did at Vanga, and there was no trouble at all with the teachers. They and their people simply tried to follow what religious instruction they had received. They worked hard to prepare boards for the school house, for a cupboard and table. Tata Moon taught them how to use a square and he made them some metre sticks for measures; for he would not allow a man to make him anything crooked.

On the way to a village near Moanza, Mama Moon had a painful experience with bees. A swarm of bees hung on a branch by the roadside. The road was bad there and we all had to get off the truck and walk, while Tata Moon alone drove the truck to a place where the road was hard again. I went on ahead, then some boys, then Mama Moon behind. The truck in passing had aroused the whole swarm of bees, but I got by without much annoyance. By the time the boys reached the spot the bees were thoroughly alarmed and were buzzing around furiously, so the boys bolted and left Mama Moon

to her fate. The bees swarmed all over her face, neck, head and arms until she was nearly blinded and frantic with pain. Fortunately she carried a box of matches. In desperation she lit the dry grass at her feet which somehow flared up immediately, and the smoke dispersed the bees. She had been frightfully bitten; her eyes swelled till she could hardly see, and her whole face was distorted with swollen stings. So we rushed her to the Vanga doctor as fast as we could. In three weeks she recovered and, forgetting her troubles, went back to Moanza with us, to pick up the work we had left.

At last we set out for Banningville again, Leo, and home. On the road to Banningville a porter ran away, taking the money box with him. Tata Moon borrowed money from a trader in Banningville to pay the porters and to buy tickets on the river boat. The thief was caught in due time with the empty box. On the boat, Tata Moon had his helmet stolen and he never got it back; and many, many other things were stolen too, more than I can recall now. But Tata Moon cared more about helping people than about possessing hats and money boxes. Everyone shall be rewarded according to his works.

I shall never forget a certain day when we got stuck at the bottom of a hill near Kikongo. The truck could not get to the top and there were no people around to carry our boxes. So Tata Moon and I made a kipoyi, and we carried those boxes, one at a time, from the bottom to the top of that hill. This was very hard work for Tata Moon and I said to him, "This travelling is too hard work for old people like you and Mama Moon, you ought to stay at some station and not travel at all. To which he replied most appropriately by a quotation from the words of Jesus: "Ye know that they who are accounted to rule over the nations lord it over them; and their great ones exercise authority over them. But it is not so among you but whosoever would become great among you shall be your minister; and whoever would be first among you shall be servant of all." Those words burned into my heart forever: Tata

and Mama Moon had come only to help the Congo people, and verily in doing so they had shown us the Christ in their work and in their manner of life.

Jesse Fuka

LUVUVAMU

Did you ever think that a visit to a leper colony could make you happy? No, I don't mean thankful that you have been spared from having the disease, but actually happy. A visit to the Sona Bata leper colony is often a happy time.

The official name of the colony is Mbemba, due to the location of the site in the territory of Chief Mbemba. But the Natives themselves sometimes refer to it as "Luvuvamu", a place of hope. I wish you could visit with us this little Congo village. It is located up in the hills above Sona Bata, about 5 kilometres away, over a rough road. The village itself is nestled in a picturesque valley, high wooded hills surrounding it on all sides. Truly those folks can say, "I will lift up mine eyes unto the hills." The houses are neatly arranged along the "street." Especially attractive are the brick dispensary and store. Plans are made and foundations begun for a school and a teacher's home. Across a brook and some distance away are the infirmiere's house and a dormitory for "clean" children. Naturally, parents stricken with the disease like to have their children near so that they may see each other. So this effort is made to keep these children from being in too close touch with the patients but at the same time near at hand.

The patients receive part of their food and clothing from the government, and medical care from Sona Bata. Many of them work—shopping wood to sell the missionaries, caring for thier own gardens, or making baskets and wicker chairs for sale.

Each Sunday they have their own religious service led by one of the Sona Bata missionaries or a Native sent up by them. The patients, their helpers and children gather on the grass before the dispensary porch and take part in

the prayers and singing, and listen attentively to the sermon. Usually the children are on the look out for the missionaries. They often walk up the road to meet them, and shout with joy as they approach. After the service they escort them part way and sometimes stand singing and waving as the missionaries are in sight.

But it is the attitude of the patients that leaves such a distinct impression on one. A missionary, upon his first visit, may tend to become saddened as they gather for the meeting. The pathos of their physical condition — here a badly infected eye, hands with fingers gone, feet with hardly any toes, there a badly marked face, or arms and legs swollen and covered with sores — would make one's heart ache in sympathy. But as each individual (almost without exception and the patients usually average 42 in number besides about 20 children) comes to greet the visitor, his face beams — eyes shining and lips smiling. Throughout the service, the audience is cheerful, and when the visitor departs, the good-byes seem to aver, "A good time was had by all." Such content in a place, where one would almost expect to find grumbling, sighing, whining and crying, makes one almost ashamed that we, who have been blessed so much more richly than they, are not always as happy and cheerful.

The last Sunday of the old year we gathered at the stream for a special baptismal service. Four young men of the leper colony were baptized and later welcomed as fellow-members in the church at a communion service on the dispensary porch. Others have preceded them and still others are enrolled in the inquirers' class. Truly they have learned that while it is a great thing to receive help from those who are trying to cleanse their bodies from leprosy, it is a still greater thing to know and to follow the loving Saviour who, while He was here on earth, said to the leper "Be thou clean."

Ruth Erickson

REFUGEES

When I went over to the Girls' Compound last night to see that all my children were "tucked in", Ka Muyolo and Nzobo were lying together, sound asleep cuddled one against the other and covered by a common blanket. They occupy bed number four and the name over the door of their room reads "Kikundi" (Friendship). All the other beds in the dormitory are occupied by Boarding School girls but the occupants of bed number four in this particular room were not Boarding School girls, but refugees.

I do not mean "refugees" in the same sense that everyone in the world is interpreting the word these days when innocent people are being ruthlessly thrust from their homes and countries by a warring enemy; and yet the interpretation of the word is somewhat the same..... persecuted people seeking refuge from an enemy. The enemy in this case being the evil wrought by a people steeped in a superstitious belief in witchcraft.

Most of you who will read this have already read about Nzobo, the little orphan girl who was rescued and brought to the Mission Station at Kikongo in 1933. But I do not think any of you have heard about Ka Muyolo.

I wouldn't want to try and tell you how old she is for she was surely born long before the white man with his written records saw this part of Africa. Fortunately for the members of my sex, the wrinkles on a woman's face are not as truthfully telltale as the rings in the wood of a tree.

But her exact age doesn't really matter. What concerns us is the fact that the society of which she formed a part had decided that she had passed the age of usefulness to the clan. It was therefore only a step to the natural conclusion that she had become a witch and was the cause of whatever sickness or misfortune befell the village. What would you do if you sincerely believed that there was a deadly disease or a vicious gangster menacing the lives and security of all who were dear to you....to say nothing of your own skin! Well, that's what the people of Ka Muyolo's

village did; they tried to get rid of her. Her son, who had heard the "Good News" and was preparing himself for baptism as a Christian, rescued his mother from the endless wandering and persecution that would otherwise have been her lot, and brought her to the Mission station at Kikongo for refuge. She has been here for three years now and each morning as I go to the girls' compound, she greets me with an adorable, toothless grin and chuckles as I pat her wrinkled cheek.

But last night as I looked down on her sleeping form, I shuddered with horror. Before my eyes Ka Muyolo's gentle breathing seemed to become the movement of gases in a bloated body that we had found rotting in the middle of the road that morning. Shall I ever be able to respond to Ka Muyolo's happy grin without thinking of Sona, the little old woman who was seeking refuge, even as Ka Muyolo had sought it but who found it only in death.... miserable death by the roadside, alone and abandoned?

We were half- way across the long plain when we suddenly came upon the naked body of an old woman lying prone upon the road. The tropical sun beat down upon it and as we hurried over to see if she were still alive, we noticed a faint movement along the lower ribs and our hearts gave an extra beat of hope that we had arrived in time to help. But we were immediatily disillusioned upon touching the body. It was not the slow movement of breathing we had seen, but the chemical action of gases in a decaying organism. It was too late for us to ascertain whether the broken skin on various parts of the body had been caused by the blow of sticks or by the natural process of decay. The face was buried in the sand, kindly insects having carried load after load of earth to cover it.

We could see where a "priest or levite" had come upon the sad scene and had passed by on the other side, having beaten a hurried trail thru the tall grass to escape from the horror of what he had seen. None of the earthly possessions of the little old woman had been touched. Wrapped in her sleeping mat we found her basket of

food, already mildewed, her little clay pipe,and her medical passport which identified her as Sona, a woman from the village of Munikongo.

We wondered what she could have been doing on this road which was neither on the way to or from Munikongo. It made us suspicious that there might have been foul play, so we notified the local government authorities who will no doubt be able to discover the truth of the matter.

We buried the little woman by the roadside and now we are trying to piece together her story.

When we reached our destination, after covering the grave with ant hills (African ant hills which are like cement), we tried to glean some informatien from the women of her own village who had come for baby clinic. They appeared ignorant of the fact that she was dead, and when asked why she had left the village they laughingly replied that they had chased her away because she was a witch. When I asked if they had sent her away without someone to help her along the way , they looked at me in wonder that anyone could be so stupid, and replied, "Would anyone want to walk along a path with a witch?"

I now learn that it is six months since they chased her from the village ..... six months of wandering here and there. She had first gone to one of her sons, who pretends to be a Christian, but who apparently could not stand up under the pressure of the old superstition. He sent her on her way again. She went to another village where her younger sister was living with her family, but again the pressure of superstition forced her away after a short visit. I do not know to how many others she went. Did each of them resort to the usual practice of beating her? Were the broken places in her flesh the result of such beating? Or did her poor tired heart feel that it wasn't worth while to struggle longer? Oh Sona, to think that you are only one of a vast number of old women who annually find yourselves persecuted, homeless, and reviled as witches because your people do not yet know the Christ whose

loving heart reaches out to the widows and aged!

I shall have to tuck your blanket in a little closer tonight, Ka Muyolo. I understand now why you have such a happy grin.....you know the fate from which you have been saved.

V.L.Smith

BATWA

A marrige service had been announced and the church was crowded to capacity to witness the wedding of ten couples. The moment in the service arrived for the couples to stand, and just then an angry murmuring broke the stillness, the meeting was threatened with disaster and it was not easy to restore order. Batwa were the cause of the trouble, and therein lies a story of race prejudice in primitive society. Among the couples were two members of the Batwa race which made the audience furious that this despised and subject racial group should be treated equally with the superior Bantu.

From the great bend of the Congo River and eastwards as far as the great lakes there are not only different tribes but also two races of people living together: the Bantu and the Batwa. The Bantu assume the dominant position of conquerors, are proud of their mental and cultural superiority and hold the Batwa in feudal serfdom. These latter, part of the great Pygmy group, have lived in the land longer than their Bantu overlords who swept through with the great migrations centuries ago. They are shorter than the Bantu, though not always of pygmy diminutiveness, have lighter skin, and hair that is more kinky, and shifty eyes that are unable to return a bold gaze. They sometimes closely resemble the Bantu but the latter maintain that Batwa can be detected by their walk, saying that in setting off the Bantu take off with the right foot first, the Batwa with the left.

While the Bantu are preëminently herdsmen and agriculturalists the Batwa are hunters. Batwa are tougher than the Bantu, can out-hunt them, out-run them, out-starve them, and exist in the forest for days without ever needing to

slee p in a house or eat well-prepared food. They are wise in the ways of the forest far beyond their proud masters, and the two races live reciprocally by exchange of produce, the spoils of the chase being exchanged for the fruits of the soil. Though there is exchange of produce and often a kindly feeling on the part of the Bantu master to his Batwa serf manifesting itself in a readiness to do him a good turn when occasion requires, there is none the less a strict racial cleavage between the two groups. A Bantu would sooner starve than eat food cooked by a Batwa woman. He says they are dirty, which is true enough even from the Bantu standards, but it is a question far more profound than dirt. Bantu will eat meat that is too high to keep in the vicinity, will pick a dead, bloated fish out of the water and consume it with relish at the next meal, but the thought of eating food prepared by the cleanest Batwa woman would fill him with loathing. Intermarriage is almost unheard of and if it ever occurs is between a Bantu man and Batwa woman, and brings obloquy on the luckless man. To call a Bantu by the name of Batwa is an insult greater than if he were called a beast. One evening while admiring a magnificent sunset a Bantu walked up and asked me what I was looking at. I pointed to the western sky. "Oh, that!" he said, "we call that Batwa blood!"

Centuries of hunting have made the Batwa a man of the forest with little taste for ordered life and comfortable houses. So, when one has gone through a Bantu village with its double row of neatly built houses, one passes through a short strip of forest and comes to the dependent Batwa settlement, a real "jungletown." Houses are so tiny an average white man can stand upright only under the ridge of the roof, and their walls consist of palm fronds leaning up against a rude framework of poles. Nothing could be more simple or crude except a cave dwelling. Whole families are packed into these inadequate little huts which, however, possess one redeeming feature in that they always have a plentiful supply of fresh air

circulating through the interstices of the withered palm-frond walls. Existence for the Batwa is abject, their implements acquired from their Bantu masters are a minimum, and for many their clothing consists of a skirt made from a banana leaf, exchanged for a fresh one when it becomes too frayed for further use.

The Batwa is furtive and ready to run to cover at an alarm, but from shelter he can direct his arrows with unpleasant accuracy if he wishes. The sight of a camera is sufficient to send many women and children scattering into the forest while the men look decidedly uncomfortable. And yet he is a simple soul, a child of nature and much more naïve than the Bantu. When he is quite sure that one is friendly and seeking his good his demonstrations of joy surpass the more reserved Bantu. Grown women will join with young people in running full speed behind the visiting missionary's bicycle shouting at the top of their voices, but if the rider turns to see who may be following, some will stop and prepare for flight.

Evangelism and elementary education are not easy among this people. In villages where the Batwa group is a very small minority there is no special problem, for they are free to attend the services and feel no social embarrassment in being present at meetings attended by Bantu. There are, however, entire villages of Batwa and here the problem is not so simple. At the present stage it is almost imperative to have Batwa evangelists to minister to villages comprising their own people, for Bantu Christians are unwilling to minister to such a village unless there is at least a small group of their people living adjacent to it among whom they may settle. Among Batwa Christians there are not many with the qualifications necessary for such a work but we have some who have given faithful service. Outstanding among them is one Bankendo, a man who cannot read or write, nor sing two lines of a hymn correctly, but who has done faithful work in witnessing. In years gone by, when he became a Christian he began telling his people the story of

Christ's love until he raised up a group who begged for a qualified teacher to be sent to them. Villages where he went began to look neat and tidy and were prepared to receive teachers because of his unofficial, unpaid, spontaneous witness.

The Batwa people receive teachers gladly, but their habits of life make school work difficult, and they are slow to grasp the basic truths of the Gospel. The visit of a missionary is a cause for rejoicing and their small churches will be packed to capacity with curious people. In one village there has been a sustained witness for many years, and there one finds clean, swept paths, neatly built houses, a fairly good agricultural effort, and among the villagers a small group of Christian people and an encouraging group of inquirers. In this place while I was inspecting their school, the women begged my wife to go apart with them for a chat because they seldom saw white men and practically never a white woman. They plied her with questions, felt her clothes, examined her skin, and then one by one got up and walked away. They were not tired of the interview but it occurred to them that presents would be a fitting way to show their appreciation of this visit and one by one they returned bringing eggs until there was a large pile.

Suspicion is a hard thing to overcome among these bush people, and recently in villages where work is rather new some strange ideas are getting hold. In one village the women set upon and beat the teacher's wife, herself a Batwa, because her husband sounded the drum for service every evening. They didn't like to hear it in the darkness and felt that the teacher had sinister intentions. Had he been tactful and quick to appreciate the suspiciousness of his own people he would have held his service in the late afternoon while it was still light. Then too Batwa are beginning to believe that our Native pastors prepare the Communion from the bodies of their dead. In one village where a Batwa had died, men armed with bows and arrows sat up the whole night through as a guard until the day should break and the

body could be buried. To us this is a strange and revolting idea, but it has historical precedent in "Christian" Europe and too, one must remember that in the cannibal days not long past, a newly made grave might be robbed for the purpose of eating the body buried in it. Furthermore, lest the Batwa be too harshly judged for such views, we may add that many of the older Bantu still firmly believe that white people are resurrected ghosts (a white skin really does look ghostly when one is used to a brown one,) and believe that our evangelists rob graves to bring the hearts of their dead in to us for compounding powerful charms and fetishes.

In all this then, there is cause for some discouragement but for much hope and continued efforts to win this people for Christ. A year ago I passed through an unevangelized Batwa village where they begged us to send them a teacher. Today there is a small mud chapel and a little group of inquirers who welcome one with the songs of the redeemed, led by their teachers, a Batwa father and his son. "Pray ye therefore the Lord of the harvest, that He will send forth laborers into His harvest."

H.D. Brown

STATION NEWS

TONDO

Miss Eldredge says "Christmas activities, 1939, on behalf of the boarding pupils, 45 girls and 89 boys; local village schools and the Christian community with representatives from the work at over 125 villages took place between the 8th and the 18th of the month. One afternoon the school gave a program of music. On two evenings a group of boys under the supervision of Mr. and Mrs. Brown presented a pageant dramatically telling of the visit of the Wise Men to Herod and the manger at Bethlehem. The principles of the White Gift service were observed one

afternoon when a Native pastor presided and called the roll for Natives from each church district to come forward with their gifts to forward the Lord's work. Gifts included 19 dozen eggs (most of them really good so we missionaries had no excuse for not exchanging them for money value), hens, pineapples, sugar-cane, native clay-pots, palm-oil, native money of brass pins and rods, and Belgian coin of centimes and francs.

"Sunday the 17th began with an early reunion for prayer and then a preaching service just before noon followed by the baptism of 52 new converts at the lake by Pastors Bonsei and Yoka. About 600 partook of the Communion Supper in the afternoon and several couples were married at the church in the evening.

"During these days the hospital was no laggard in service, but was ministering medically and surgically to the throngs who were here assembled. The birth of two babes added to the general spirit of joy and gladness."

H.D. Brown

LEOPOLDVILLE NEWS ITEMS

On January 30th Mr. and Mrs. Hall left Léopoldville for furlough. They sailed from Boma on the *Astrida*, a small cargo boat which runs between Boma and Durban. They will disembark at Capetown and have some time there before sailing for New York on the American liner, *President Taylor*, March third. For over five years the Halls have given untiring service and devotion to the work here and in that time have won the respect and friendship of a host of Natives. Under their able leadership the church's membership has grown, school attendance has increased, new buildings have been erected, and an excellent Christian Center developed. The Halls' many friends, white and black, wish them Godspeed on their journey, a happy reunion with relatives and friends in the homeland, and a pleasant and beneficial furlough.

* * * *

Mr. and Mrs. Baiotti of the Unevangelized Tribes Mission arrived on December 8th to assume responsibility for a large share of the Halls' work. It seemed impossible for the Mission to make adequate provision for the work at "Belge" from its present staff; and it was with relief that we learned of the Baiottis' coming to Léopoldville and their willingness to help with the A.B.F.M.S. work. From the day of their arrival they have shown a splendid spirt of coöperation and already have proved themselves a most valuable addition to the staff. They are much impressed with the high type of evangelistic and educational work being done by the Mission and count it a privilege to carry on in the footsteps of the Halls. We are indeed grateful for the services of this fine Christian couple and look forward to a year of happy fellowship with them.

* * * *

Recently we had the pleasure of welcoming to Léo several of our missionaries from other stations. Mrs. MacDiarmid, Mr. and Mrs. Erickson, and the Misses Satterberg and Tice of Sona Bata have been here. Miss Ehnbom spent several days here on her way from Banza Manteke to Moanza, where she is being transferred. Most unexpected of all of our guests were Mr. Smith and Miss Anderson from Kikongo. They drove down in the old Ford, formerly owned by Dr. Freas, and halfway here the thing balked and they were left sitting by the side of the road for two days before help reached them. We hope that this experience will not discourage them from coming to see us again.

Isabel Carpenter

SONA BATA NEWS

One of the big events at Sona Bata, since the last issue of the CONGO NEWS LETTER, is the completion of the new home for Mr. and Mrs. MacDiarmid. To the friends who financed the building and to Dr. Tuttle who superintended this fine piece of work, we express our gratitude and appreciation. We are very happy to see our "Pa" and "Ma" in a comfortable home, especially after their living in a

school house for several months. House warming was celebrated by a Christmas dinner for Sona Bata Staff. The presence of Wendy who had returned from her school at Lubondai for Christmas vacation added greatly to our joy.

For our Christmas pageant of this year we used a panoramic view of Bethlehem as a background. The Sona Bata church gave the pageant directed by Mr. and Mrs. Erickson.

In the beginning of January a two-weeks' institute was held on the station for the village pastors.

Mr. and Mrs. MacDiarmid are at present itinerating in the Kwango area. They expect to visit many parts of the Kikongo district and possibly also Moanza and Vanga.

The following have recently visited Sona Bata: Mr. and Mrs. Coxill, Mr. and Mrs. Hall, Dr. and Mrs. Carpenter, Mr. and Mrs. Austin, Miss Lawson, Miss Smith, Miss Chase, Mr. C.E. Smith, Miss Agnes Anderson, Mr. Newman (United States Vice-Consul), Dr. Rule, Miss Westberg. We were very happy to see these friends again.

A short time ago, Dr. Freas' famous Ford made its appearance on our station. It brought Mr. Smith and Miss Agnes Anderson from Kikongo.

The arrival of a large order of medicines and surgical supplies in December has made it possible for the hospital to resume surgery in a normal way. The following statistics of the Sona Bata medical work for the past year may be of interest: *Sona Bata Hospital:* out-patients 8,315; in-patients 810; major operations 161; minor operations 584; confinements 156. *Rural dispensaries and itineraries:* out-patients 19,235; in-patients 163. *Leper Colony:* patients- 4; in-patients - 49. The total fees paid by patients equal 158,000 francs or approximately $4,500. The total expenditures amount to 217,000 francs or approximately $6,000.

The Boarding School reopened January 23, after Christmas vacation. 118 boys and 56 girls are again busy with their studies. The Station Day School has also reopened with an enrollment of 90 boys and girls.

We are very happy to report, too, that we have an

inquirers' class of 48 on the Station this year. The majority are boys and girls of the Boarding School.

Four were baptized at the Leper Colony recently and three returned to church, consecrating their lives again to Jesus Christ. The Lord is blessing His work. To Him we give praise.

Vendla Anderson

KIMPESE NEWS

News is as scarce here as rain, which for the past two years has fallen only on the unjust. So we are all waiting for the arrival of our diesel engine to supplement the water-wheel which cannot turn without water. Of course, when the engine comes there will be the problem of fuel, but "Sufficient unto the day is the evil thereof." Our present concern is whether it was on the cargo boat which was sunk or on the one which had to put back for repairs. It is a full year since it was ordered, and at least six months since it was paid for and we are proportionately anxious to see it set up in the new house which is nearly ready for it.

We are very sorry that Mr. and Mrs. Reynolds are leaving us for furlough, but it was due nearly two years ago and since their only child of twelve years is "somewhere in England," their eagerness to reach home is quite understandable. In the absence of Mr. Reynolds, Mr. Oskar Stenstrom is taking over the principalship.

Visitors to Kimpese have not been numerous recently, but Mr. and Mrs. Geil and Miss Bonar of Banza Manteke were with us for a few days.

Adelle B. Lanoue

CONGO MISSION DIRECTORY

Listed in order of arrival on field or at station — present term.

BANZA MANTEKE

Rev. and Mrs. J.E. Geil
Miss Mary Bonar
Miss Lena Youngsman

MOANZA

Rev. and Mrs. Ernest Atkins
Rev. and Mrs. L.A. Brown
Miss Ruth Dickey
Miss Esther Ehnbom

TONDO

Rev. and Mrs. H.D. Brown
Dr. and Mrs. A.J.B. Russell (B.M.S.)

LEOPOLDVILLE

Rev. and Mrs. G.W. Carpenter (with special work)
Rev. and Mrs. S. Baiotti (U.T.M.)

KIKONGO

Rev. and Mrs. C.E. Smith
Miss Agnes Anderson
Miss Grace Cooper

VANGA

Miss Eva Shepard
Miss Alice Jorgenson
Rev. and Mrs. W.F. Robbins
Dr. Dorothea Witt

KIMPESE

Dr. C.L. Mabie
Rev. and Mrs. U.A. Lanoue

SONA BATA

Rev. and Mrs. H. Erickson
Dr. and Mrs. G.W. Tuttle
Miss Mildred Tice
Rev. and Mrs. P.A. MacDiarmid
Miss Emily Satterberg
Miss Vendla Anderson
Dr. and Mrs. A.C. Osterholm

ON FURLOUGH

Rev. and Mrs. T.E. Bubeck
Mr. and Mrs. H.J. Watkins
Rev. and Mrs. B.W. Armstrong
Rev. and Mrs. M.S. Engwall
Dr. and Mrs. H.M. Freas
Miss Marguerite Eldredge
Rev. and Mrs. E.G. Hall